

Religious Experience

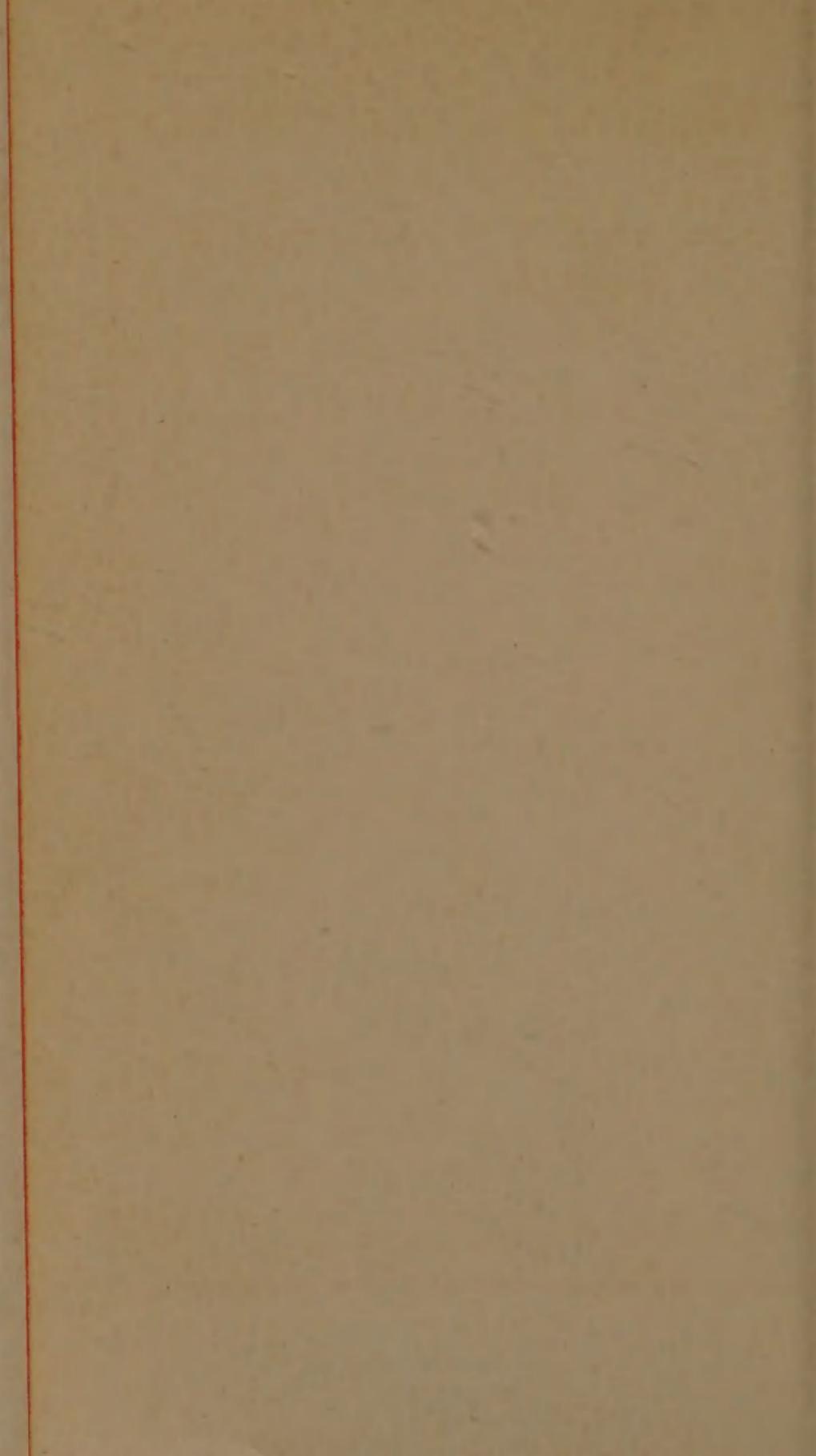
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Religious Experience

*Exemplified in the Lives of
Illustrious Christians*

BY

JAMES MUDGE



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Introduction

OF great significance is the fact that the most precious part of the Christian Scriptures is a biography, the life of the Master; and next to that comes the life and letters of St. Paul. It is also a fact that the influences most potent in every life are the lives of others. Vast is the force of example. Compared with it abstract reasonings or philosophical discussions have little weight. Hence the importance of a book like this, which presents in vivid concrete forms the best religious experiences of a select number of the best minds.

Those whose experiences are here set forth were all people of eminence, whose achievements in the world have been very marked, and whose words, therefore, carry the more weight in that they must be supposed to know what they are talking about. They were all not only good, but good for something, and give the lie to the frequent sneer, born of ignorance and prejudice, that people who are extremely pious are not practical or efficient or philanthropic.

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The subjects of the following sketches were of the most diverse opinions and the most varied callings, as well as of quite opposite temperaments. This should by no means be overlooked. God makes His saints out of all kinds of materials, and on no one pattern. The sixteen here described belonged to ten or eleven denominations. Three were Methodist Episcopalians, three were of the Church of England, two Congregationalists, one was a Protestant Episcopalian, one a Baptist, one a Unitarian, one an English Presbyterian, one a Scotch Presbyterian, one an American Presbyterian, one belonged to the Salvation Army, and one might be called a Lutheran, since he was thus brought up. Among them are ministers, evangelists, educators, bishops, together with one statesman, one soldier, one merchant, one missionary, and one general philanthropist. All are taken from the Protestant Churches of the nineteenth century, and hence appeal to us more directly, more forcibly than could the saints of the Roman Catholic communion, or those produced by Protestantism in previous centuries.

Amid the differences which will be

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noted, or inferred, as to intellectual views, denominational affiliations, secular vocations, and external circumstances, there is a significant sameness at one point. All have a passionate devotion to the will divine and account that religion finds its highest development or attainment, its chief manifestation, in oneness with God's good pleasure. All agree on this. And all have hearts glowing with love to Jesus. The essentials of true religion, after all, are few and simple. Minor matters may well be laid aside in the interest of greater concentration on the one thing needful, the welcoming of the will of God in whatever shape it presents itself from moment to moment. He who has learned to do this promptly and heartily has mastered the secret of the highest, happiest life.

JAMES MUDGE.

Malden, Massachusetts.

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Wilbur Fisk

WILBUR FISK (1792-1839)—born at Brattleboro, Vt., converted in his eleventh year, graduated at Brown in 1815, first principal of Wesleyan Academy (1825), first president of Wesleyan University (1831), elected bishop of the Canada Conference in 1828, and of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1836, but declining both because he felt that his call was educational rather than administrative—was a man of intrinsic greatness, of the highest style of Christian character, of rare pulpit eloquence, full of grace, dignity, and power, the idol of the whole Church, South as well as North. But his life would have been altogether different from what it was, except for that which came to him at Wellfleet Camp Meeting, August 13, 1819.

He was then pastor at Charlestown, Mass. His mind had been deeply wrought upon in regard to the subject of holiness

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before going to the camp. Much was said about it there, and a sermon by Timothy Merritt on the baptism of the Holy Spirit strongly arrested his attention. He sought earnestly, with much prayer and no little struggle amounting to anguish, for fullness of love and victory over all sin. It was in Father Taylor's tent, Thursday morning, that deliverance came. Souls were being converted. "We rose to sing," writes Mr. Fisk: "I looked up to God, thanked Him for hearing prayer, and cried, 'Lord, why not hear prayer for my soul?' My strength began to fail me while I looked in faith. 'Come, Lord, and come now. Thou wilt come. Heaven opens, my Savior smiles. O glory to God! Help me, my brethren, to praise the Lord.' The scene that was now open to my view I can never describe. I could say, 'Lord, thou knowest that I love Thee above everything.' I was humbled in the dust that God should so bless such an undeserving soul."

The Rev. Jotham Horton, who was present, writes: "The habits of philosophical investigation, which Mr. Fisk's previous education had induced, made him exceedingly careful, lest the fruits of im-

WILBUR FISK

agation under high devotional feeling or the effervescence of strong religious excitement should be substituted for the sanctifying influence of the Holy Ghost. He had just been engaged in vocal prayer, and one sentiment which he had devoutly expressed was that no influence save that of the Holy Spirit might give character to the devotion in which they were engaged. He was in the very act of guarding against strange fires and supplicating a holy baptism when, so overwhelming were the manifestations of the power of God, that he sank to the ground. When he had so far recovered his physical strength as to be taken to his own tent, there was held another season of holy communion. Being unable to stand, he was supported by ministerial brethren. His language and whole appearance had something in them more than human, indicating that his soul then glowed with ardors of love allied to those of the angels." Mr. Merritt, looking on, remarked, "I never saw the power of God so displayed on earth." From this meeting Mr. Fisk dated his experience of perfect love. "God was pleased," he wrote a few days afterward to his sister, "to empty my soul

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of sin and fill it with love in the same moment."

His biographer, Dr. Prentice, says: "It is certain that the marvelous scenes at Wellfleet made a permanent change in Fisk's religious life. Before that he had passed through seasons when he doubted the fact of his acceptance with God, his personal interest in Christ, and even the truth of Christianity itself. He was delivered from such things forever at Wellfleet. From this time forth he never changed his estimate of the nature of the work of grace wrought in his soul at the camp meeting, nor was there anything in his spirit or speech or conduct, public or private, which ever led men associated with him to think his conception of that work a mistaken one. On the contrary, the testimony of all his associates, in the various positions he filled, was uniform and outspoken that he did live up even to the high standard he professed." Dr. Holdich, long associated with him at the university, writes: "From this time he has been heard to say that he never laid his head upon the pillow at night without feeling that if he never waked in this world, all

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would be well. Prior to this he was often subject to desponding, gloomy seasons. We heard him say long afterwards that he knew no gloomy hours; his mind was always serene and happy."

Dr. Abel Stevens speaks of him as having a perfect moral character, so that his most intimate friends were unable to mention one defect that marred the beauty of his nature. "He lived for many years in the faith and exemplification of St. Paul's sublime doctrine of Christian perfection. He prized that great tenet as one of the most important distinctions of Christianity. His own experience respecting it was marked by signal circumstances, and from the day that he practically adopted it till he triumphed over death, its impress was radiant on his daily life. With John Wesley, he deemed this important truth to be one of the most solemn responsibilities of his Church, the most potent element in the experimental divinity of the Scriptures."

Adoniram Judson

JUDSON was born at Malden, Mass., August 9, 1788 (his father being a minister, settled there), graduated valedictorian at Brown University 1807; sailed for India, February 19, 1812; arrived at Rangoon, July 13, 1813; suffered cruel imprisonment at Ava, 1825; visited America for his health, 1845; died at sea April 12, 1850.

His conversion took place at the Andover Theological Seminary in 1807. While not attended with overpowering exercises, and rather gradual than sudden, it produced a very marked change in him, and he never had occasion to doubt its deep reality. His call to the mission field was somewhat similar. It culminated in February, 1810. To please God was henceforth his main purpose, and it eventually became his only one. In tracing the course of his experience we are impressed by nothing more distinctly than by his intense love of pre-eminence, his determination everywhere to be first, and to reach perfection

ADONIRAM JUDSON

at all possible points. From early youth to latest age this stamped his character and gave direction to his endeavors. He had powers that would have carried him to the front and made him illustrious in any calling. He was endowed with a will of the very highest order, and had a spirit of indomitable perseverance. From the beginning he gave himself with the greatest earnestness to the subjecting everything within him to the obedience of Christ. His first wife, after living with him eleven years, wrote: "I feel that there is not a better man on the globe than my husband, not one who labors more strenuously to overcome every unhallowed emotion of his spirit." There was a great deal in his natural disposition that needed to be overcome, and eager as he was to excel, with the loftiest conception of what a Christian ought to be, he could not rest content with any ordinary attainments or be satisfied while aught remained susceptible of improvement. He left no stone unturned to achieve the results which seemed to him of highest worth.

The rules and regulations which from time to time he adopted in his earnest striv-

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ing after personal holiness were very many. We append a few of them: "Whatever others do, let my life be a life of prayer; observe three seasons of secret prayer every day—morning, noon, and night; live under a constant sense of the presence of God; deny self at every turn so far as consistent with life, health, and usefulness; learn to distinguish and obey the internal impulses of the Holy Spirit; keep turning the soul to God until it habitually rests in God; do nothing from your own will, but all from the will of God; see the hand of God in all events, and thereby become reconciled to His dispensations; have the Scripture and some devotional book in constant reading; be sweet in temper, voice, and word, to please the ever-present Lord." He deeply felt, as he writes to a friend, "the comparative insignificance of all human accomplishments, and the overwhelming importance of spiritual graces, the habitual enjoyment of closet religion, a soul abstracted from the world and much occupied in the contemplation of heavenly glories."

Some of the extreme methods which he used for the complete crucifixion of self

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have not commended themselves to all his admirers. We are not called to imitate him at all points. What is to be unre-servedly commended in Judson is the de-termination which he showed to stick at nothing that seemed to him, in his condi-tion, requisite to make himself perfectly pleasing in the sight of God. We are not authorized to say that he should have done otherwise, or could have done less. We are warranted in declaring that the end he sought was right and every way worthy of largest sacrifice. He was thor-oughly in earnest. He set about waging a war of extermination against pride and selfishness in all their forms, tracing them to their last retreats, getting rid of them altogether, and reaching oneness with the Divine. Whether he reached all that he wished or not, the effect of the measures he took seems to have been good. For the rest of his life he was marked by a loving trust in God under the most discouraging circumstances, and by a supremely disin-terested devotedness which he had not known before, and which is very rarely seen anywhere.

He was greatly indebted for spiritual

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counsel to Madame Guyon's works, Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," William Law's "Christian Perfection," and the "Life of Payson." It was soon after being helped by them that he wrote to a brother missionary: "The land of Beulah lies beyond the valley of the shadow of death. Many Christians spend all their days in a continual bustle doing good. They are too busy to find either the valley or Beulah. Let us die as soon as possible, and by whatever path God shall appoint. And when we are dead to the world and nature and self, we shall begin to live to God."

The very lust for "finishing," which he speaks of as "one of his failings," which enabled him to carry on to completion his marvelously perfect translation of the Bible into Burmese, made it impossible for him to stop short of any attainable achievement in piety. Improvement went on to the last, as he steadily cleansed himself of every remaining defilement of flesh or spirit. Mrs. Emily Judson testifies as to his closing days: "He had been, from my first acquaintance with him, an uncommonly spiritual Christian, exhibiting his richest graces in the unguarded intercourse

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of private life. But during his last years it seemed as though the light of the world on which he was entering had been sent to brighten his upward pathway. Every subject on which he conversed, every book we read, every incident that occurred, whether trivial or important, had a tendency to suggest some peculiarly spiritual train of thought, till it seemed to me that more than ever before Christ was all his theme." "O, the love of Christ!" was a frequent exclamation in his last illness. "Peace" and "Victory" were words much on his lips. "I am not tired of my work," he said, "neither am I tired of the world, yet when Christ calls me home I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from his school." It was thus he went, with no uncertainty as to the future. His life had been spent wholly for Jesus, or as nearly so as falls to the lot of mortals, and his acceptance of God's will in all its ramifications had been marvelously complete, and both by the extent of his labors and the purity of his purpose he had fully deserved the hearty "Well done," which we are entirely certain he received.

Amos Lawrence

HIS home for the first twenty-one years was at Groton, Mass., where he was born of unadulterated Puritan stock, April 22, 1786. Only one incident of note occurred during these years. As clerk in a general country store, where, according to the custom of that period, large quantities of intoxicants were sold and drunk, he was exposed to severe temptation. He speedily made up his mind and resolutely took a stand, remarkable for that day, from which he never thenceforward for a moment departed, a stand of total abstinence not only from liquor, but from all forms of tobacco. Many years afterward he said, "To this simple fact of starting just right I am indebted, with God's blessing on my labors, for my present position."

December 17, 1807, he commenced business in Boston, without a dollar; and for the next twenty-four years gave himself assiduously to his duties as head of a house of importers which speedily became one of

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the most flourishing in the city. It was just about this time, when he was less than twenty-two, that he wrote to his sister as follows: "Many, when speaking of perfection, say it is not attainable, or hitherto unattainable, and it is therefore vain to try or hope for it. To such I would observe that, from motives of duty to our Creator and ambition in ourselves, we ought to strive for it, at least so far as not to be distanced by those who have preceded us." That he did earnestly strive for it, and with a wonderful degree of success, his subsequent years bear witness. He had an exceedingly high standard, both in temporal and spiritual affairs, "a standard of action," as he himself says in writing to his brother, "so high as to require great vigilance in living up to it." Sterling honesty stamped every transaction, together with the strictest sense of justice. He was unwilling to turn to his own advantage the ignorance or misfortune of others; he stooped to no artifice or deceits; he commanded universal confidence as a man of the most unbending integrity on which no spot or blemish ever rested. His moral perceptions and sensibilities were

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of the keenest, and it is asserted, with good reason, that he never deviated a hair's breadth from what he felt to be his duty. It was this that constituted the strength of his character, his supreme reverence for the right and his unfaltering pursuit of it. His business became very extensive, so much so that he found it, as he says, "occupying his thoughts to a degree entirely disproportioned to its importance." He found, he writes January 1, 1826, "that communion which ought ever to be kept free between man and his Maker interrupted by the incessant calls of the multifarious affairs of our establishment." He terms it "the extreme of folly" to acquire property at such a sacrifice of the highest interests, and promptly made arrangements to diminish his burdens. His responsibilities to God were ever kept uppermost, and the account to be rendered at last was never lost sight of.

The third period of his life began June 1, 1831, and extended till his departure from earth December 31, 1852. In the full tide of a most successful career as one of the leading millowners and commission merchants of the country, he was suddenly

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stricken down by a stomach trouble which left him an invalid for the rest of his days, days which were prolonged only by the most rigid watchfulness, especially in the matter of diet, in which he exercised almost inconceivable abstinence, sitting down at no meal with his family, weighing every particle of solid or liquid food. He bore this deep affliction in the most beautiful manner, even as he had done a previous test. (At the death of his beloved wife, whose removal blasted his dearest earthly hopes, January 14, 1819, he writes: "But God reigns; let us rejoice.") January 1, 1832, confined to his sick-room, he writes: "I can see nothing but the unbounded goodness of our Heavenly Father and best Friend in all that has been taken from me, as well as in all that is left to me. I can say with sincerity that I never have had so much to call forth my warmest and deepest gratitude for favors bestowed as at the present time. Among my sources of happiness is the settled conviction that, in chastening His children, God desires their good; and if His chastenments are thus viewed, we can regard them in no other light than as manifestations of His fatherly

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care and kindness. We are placed here to be disciplined for another and higher state, and whatever happens to us makes a part of that discipline." He was more than contented. Writing December 23, 1833, he says: "The situation which I occupy is one that I would not exchange, if I had the power, with any man living." In 1838 he says: "I am the happiest man living, and yet would willingly exchange worlds this day, if it be the good pleasure of our good Friend and Father in heaven. I can see the good hand of God in all my experiences for thirty years."

In these twenty-one years, during which his peculiar illness entirely incapacitated him for active business life, he gave whatever time and strength he could command to a philanthropic career which has had few, if any, parallels. Previous to this his charities had begun to be systematic and munificent, as his increasing wealth permitted, but now they took on a yet more thorough-going character. In the fullest sense of the term, he lived for others. It was truly said of him, "Every day of his life was a blessing to somebody." He loved his "neighbor," and under that term

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took in the whole human family. Two rooms in his house, and sometimes three, were used mainly to receive useful articles for distribution. He selected and carried out or sent out, far and near, innumerable packages carefully adapted to the wants of the recipients, whether those wants were in the line of food, clothing, books, money, or other tokens of affection. He scattered vast quantities of the publications of the American Tract Society and the Sunday School Union. He became very much interested in Williams College, and gave to it, unsolicited, large sums in most timely ways, more than any one else had done up to that day. In his letters to President Hopkins, he expresses deep concern for the salvation of the souls of the students, praying God to perfect the good work which he rejoices to hear has begun. The Theological School at Bangor was also one of the objects of his bounty. He made at least ten persons life directors of the American Bible Society by the payment of \$150 for each. The completion of the Bunker Hill Monument was largely his work. These are but specimens of the things he was constantly doing. It is calculated that

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he gave away during his lifetime for the benefit of his fellow-men not less than \$700,000—gave it with personal attention and sympathy, gave it as a Christian man, from a sense of divine obligation and a deep feeling of the duties of stewardship. Probably no one up to that time had given as much while living. He never felt at liberty to waste on himself what could be beneficially applied to the good of those around him.

He was by faith a Unitarian of the old school, a constant attendant and faithful communicant in the Brattle Street Church. His pastor, Dr. Lothrop, speaks of his "profound reverence for the sacred Scriptures and the divine authority of Jesus Christ. He believed in Christ as the Messiah and Savior of the world, and therefore found peace and strength to his soul amid all the perils and duties and sorrows of life." He loved to listen at church to those who did not shun to declare the whole counsel of God, and would express disappointment when the preacher failed to emphasize the important truths of the gospel. He had a dread of the German rationalism which he saw creeping in, and rejoiced

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when, as he writes, "deep feelings of sin and salvation through the Beloved are awakened." He counted himself "a disciple and follower of Christ the Beloved," and says, "I will not quarrel with a man's Presbyterian, Episcopal, or Baptist creed, so be he will act the part of a good soldier of Jesus Christ; for I verily believe great multitudes of all Christians desire to serve Him faithfully. I have no hope in *isms*, but have a strong hope in the cross of Christ." At his funeral officiated three of his most intimate and valued friends, representing three different denominations—Dr. Lothrop, Dr. Hopkins, and Dr. Sharp, pastor of the Charles Street Baptist Church. His spirit was of the largest and most catholic sort. Religion was everything to him. He was a man of habitual prayer, a loving disciple who breathed very much of the spirit of the Master, with a firm faith in Providence and an abiding trust in the loving-kindness of the Father. He held family prayers morning and evening. There do not seem to have been any special crises in his religious experience. His character was rather a gradual development from the germs planted deep within far back in

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the years of childhood by the devout hands of godly parents. One of his letters contains this sentence: "He indeed is rich in grace whose graces are not hindered by his riches." This is most true. Tried by this test, Amos Lawrence was rich in grace. His example will speak, we trust, to some who would be less impressed by the piety of those who are poorer in this world's wealth or less occupied with earthly care.

Stephen Olin

THE place of Stephen Olin in the history of American Methodism is a very high one. Dr. Abel Stevens calls him "the most intrinsically great man that American Methodism has produced," adding, "So manifest and commanding were his traits that this pre-eminence can be awarded him without the slightest invidiousness." Born in Vermont, March 2, 1797, he graduated, with the valedictory oration, at Middlebury College in 1820, but on account of his health he speedily repaired to Abbeville, S. C., to teach in an academy. Here, September 20, 1821, he was converted, and soon felt a call to the ministry. After three years of teaching, he joined the South Carolina Conference in January, 1824, and was appointed to Charleston. In July, 1826, he was elected professor of *Belles Lettres* in Franklin College, Athens, Georgia, retaining this position for seven years. At the beginning of 1834 he became president of Randolph-Macon Col-

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lege, Virginia. The last nine years of his life (he passed away in 1851) were spent most brilliantly as president of the Wesleyan University in Middletown, Conn.

His conversion, as noted above, did not take place until he was twenty-four, for he had been skeptical in youth, and planned to be a lawyer, like his father. When God spoke peace to his soul, alone in the woods, there was a mighty change; a most thorough work was done, a passing as from hell to heaven in the twinkling of an eye. Rebellion was all gone in a moment, as Jesus was embraced with all his mind and heart. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" was his instant cry, and he gave himself to God's work with entire devotion.

His biographer speaks of "four great landmarks of spiritual progress which he erected in his journal, with the deepest solemnity, and as in God's immediate presence." The first commemorated his conversion. The second, a fuller dedication, on his birthday, March 2, 1840, when he began his perilous journey through the Sinaitic desert, and wrote in his journal, "This enterprise I especially commit to God, as I do myself, unreservedly for time

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and eternity, through Jesus Christ." The fourth was on the borders of death, when God granted him a special vision of the heavenlies. The third was in 1842, after returning from abroad, "a good deal improved in spiritual things," as he says, "but strongly led by all that happened to him of affliction and deliverance to seek perfect conformity to His will." He was enabled to realize it to a greater extent than ever before. He writes in his journal: "I have endeavored to make a new and solemn offering of soul and body to Christ, and am earnestly seeking for the experience of perfect love, for all the fullness of God. I here enter my solemn vow that I will from this hour and through all my future life make God's will the sovereign rule of my actions. I perpetually present before Him in living sacrifice my body and soul, my life and health, my humble talents and attainments, my influence and time and property, to be used only as a trust for which I am strictly accountable. I humbly pray for grace to keep this solemn pledge, which I here record with great deliberation and under deep sense of its import."

There is evidence to show that this

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deeper dedication was fully accepted, and was productive of the best results. Writing soon after, he says: "I never before experienced such rest in Christ, such calm, unshaken faith, such ready, unwavering consent of the heart to the Divine will, such an utter surrender of my own will to God's. I can not find, after much prayerful examination, that I have any disposition to do or love anything that is not well pleasing in His sight. I write this with great self-distrust, but as the result of self-examination. I am happier than I ever was before. I find God present with me in a new sense. I rest in God. I am satisfied with Him. His will is mine. Mine is swallowed up in His. Christ is my all in all. Bless His holy name!"

His biographer says: "From this time the doctrine of full redemption was very precious to him, and he looked with painful feelings upon anything calculated to bring it into disrepute or lower the standard of piety which it implies." Dr. Stevens thus relates the substance of a conversation with him at Boston in 1845. "I had," he remarked, "difficulties regarding our theological views of the doctrine of sanctifica-

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tion. I even joined the Conference with exceptions to it. But I was admitted, the Conference expressing a hope that further inquiries would rectify my views. Years, however, passed without any modification of my opinions. But it pleased God to lead me on into the truth. My health failed. My official employments had to be abandoned. I lost my children, my wife died, and I was wandering over the world alone, with scarcely anything remaining but God. I lost my hold on all things else, and became, as it were, lost myself in God. My affections centered in Him. My will became absorbed in His. I sank, as it were, into the blessing of perfect love, and found in my own consciousness the reality of the doctrine which I had theoretically doubted."

In 1843 we find him writing: "My feelings in matters of religion were always ardent and strong, but they have undergone great changes within this last year or two. I am as far as possible from all austerity or any tendency to it, but I am greatly conscious of an engrossing wish and purpose to consecrate myself wholly to God. I greatly distrust myself and my

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good resolutions, but not the grace of Christ. He will help. He will accept and bless." In 1848 he writes to Dr. McClintock: "Preach knowledge and holiness. We are fearfully in the background in both." In 1850 he says: "My heart is fixed. 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' 'Thy will be done.' These texts suit me. My long illnesses have modified my religious experience. In past years I was filled with desire, an intense desire, for health to do God's work—to preach, to study, to be felt. But God did not need me. Now I am brought to entire resignation. The Lord will do what is best. My will is in harmony with His. I shall have a part with the blessed. The law of affinities will find place."

Horace Bushnell

THIS great thinker and preacher furnishes a fine illustration of that deep saying by Benjamin M. Adams, "The souls of men get on toward God, as a rule, by a series of crises." When well on in years (1861), writing to his wife from Clifton Springs, he speaks of "another great stage in my heart's life. I never saw so distinctly as now what it is to be a disciple, or what the keynote is of all most Christly experience. I think, too, that I have made my last discovery in this mine. First, I was led along into initial experience of God, socially and by force of the blind religious instinct in my nature; secondly, I was advanced into the clear moral light of Christ and of God, as related to the principle of rectitude; next, or thirdly, I was set on by the inward personal discovery of Christ, and of God as represented in him; now, fourthly, I lay hold of and appropriate the general culminating fact of God's vicarious character in goodness, and of mine to be

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accomplished in Christ as a follower. My next stage of discovery will be when I drop the body and go home to be with Christ in the conscious openly revealed fellowship of a soul whose affinities are with him. I see now what it is to be a Christian as never before, and that in such a light as, I am sure, is hidden from too many of His followers."

The first epoch here referred to, that which may be called his conversion, occurred at nineteen, when, he says, "the Lord, in His tender mercy, led me to Jesus." It was in the latter part of 1821 that he entered into covenant relations with God, joined the Church, and engaged for a time enthusiastically in religious work. But during his college course at Yale, (1823-27) and for a time after, while not falling into outward sin, he lost his hold on God, and became subject to very serious intellectual doubts which came near to wrecking him. They were brought to an end by a remarkable religious revival which prevailed during the winter of 1831 at Yale, where he was a most popular tutor. He was led to put his questionings aside as things that were not of the first importance.

HORACE BUSHNELL

He yielded to the demands of the heart, the responsibilities of life, and the feeling that completest righteousness must be paramount, and that other matters could wait, would indeed be settled in due time, if he went forward steadily, earnestly in the path of plain duty.

The third crisis came in 1848. His wife calls it the central point in his life. It arrived somewhat gradually. It was prepared for by the death of his beloved little boy a few years previously, drawing his thoughts and affections to the spiritual and the unseen. He said a year or two after, "I have learned more of experimental religion since my little boy died than in all my life before." He became interested in the writings of Madame Guyon and Fenelon, and their interpreter, Prof. T. C. Upham. "I believed," he said, "that there is a higher and fuller life that can be lived, and set myself to attain it." The great possibilities of real Christianity unfolded themselves more and more to his conception as he studied the subject. On an early morning of February his wife awoke to hear that the light they had waited for more than they that watch

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for the morning had arisen. She asked, "What have you seen?" He replied, "The gospel." It came to him at last, after all his thought, not as something reasoned out, but as an inspiration, a revelation from the mind of God Himself. He immediately embodied his new experience in a sermon from the text, "Until Christ be formed in you." "That he regarded this as a crisis in his spiritual life," writes his wife, "is evident from his not infrequent reference to it among his Christian friends. Even as late as 1871, when we were alone one evening, the conversation led back to this familiar subject. In answer to a question, he said: 'I seemed to pass a boundary. I had never been very legal in my Christian life, but now I passed from those partial seeings, glimpses, and doubts, into a clearer knowledge of God and into His inspirations, which I have never wholly lost. The change was into faith—a sense of the freeness of God and the ease of approach to Him. Faith I found to be not the committing of one's thought in assent to any proposition, but the trusting of one's being to a Being, there to be rested, kept, guided, molded, governed,

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and possessed forever. It gives you God, fills you with God in immediate experimental knowledge, puts you in possession of all there is in Him, and allows you to be invested with His character itself.' ”

It was a very great change, as his wife testifies, making a new man of him, investing him with a divine panoply, opening his whole being to the light, and giving to his relations with God the warmth and glow of personal friendship, enabling him to “spiritually discern spiritual things.”

His soul-growth was constant as the years went on, especially during the final period when laid aside from more active labors and ripening for the better land. Here are some of his expressions: “O my God—what a fact to possess and know that He is! I have not seemed to compare Him with anything, and set Him in higher value; but He has been the *all* and the altogether everywhere lovely. There is nothing else to compete; there is nothing else, in fact. What a wonder is God! What a glory for us to possess Him!” When the text, “The good and perfect and acceptable will of God,” was repeated to him, he replied with emphasis: “Yes, and

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accepted. I do nothing but simply talk with God, taking small draughts, but O how strong and sweet, from the good Word, singing a song of praise without sound! I give up my projects and my subjects and gather myself in to get my last lessons from God. And to this I am bending with great hopefulness and refreshment. He is with me and I am with Him. It is good to look over and claim our inheritance and get naturalized in feeling beforehand."

Surely he was, for a good while beforehand, a fully naturalized citizen of the heavenly country. He found it very easy to go over where he had so long looked over. The shades of earth fled away and the morning of eternity broke for him very early, while the stars were still shining in the silent heavens, February 17, 1876, when he was within two months of completing his seventy-fourth year. He had long been hidden in the secret of God's presence, and he went with exceeding joy to prove what the fullness of that presence might mean.

Frederick W. Robertson

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON, the great preacher of Brighton, whose early death at the age of thirty-seven, in 1853, left the world much poorer, owed not a little of his marvelous power in the pulpit to his profound Christian experience and his insatiable desire to be altogether like Christ. Even as a boy he was extremely conscientious and sensitive in moral matters. His mother said of him, "I never knew him to tell a lie." And he would rather have lost every prize at the academy than owe one to foreign help, or to the usual aid which boys seek from translations. "At Oxford," writes a friend, "he carried the banner of the cross without fear, and was not ashamed of Christ in a place which offered more hindrances than helps to a distinctly Christian profession."

When fairly launched into the ministry (he was ordained July 12, 1840, at the age of twenty-four), he writes to a friend:

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"Every day convinces me more and more that there is one thing, and but one, on earth worth living for, and that is to do God's work and gradually grow in conformity to His image by mortification and self-denial and prayer." Somewhat later he writes: "Of one thing I have become distinctly conscious, that my motto for life, my whole heart's expression is, 'None but Christ,' to have the mind of Christ, to feel as He felt, to judge the world and to estimate the world's maxims as He judged and estimated, that is the thing worth living for." For this he never ceased striving. He deeply felt that the surest way of arriving at correct views of any matter is to endeavor to enter into the mind of the Master and to obtain His point of view. Love for Jesus was the root of his life and the spring of all his effort. It was a conscious, personal, realized devotion. It colored and pervaded every thought; it was an unceasing presence with him. "The love a Christian bears to his Redeemer," he once said, "is a love more delicate far than was ever borne to sister, a reverence more sacred than was ever borne to mother, or the adoration

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with which he regards his God." The spirit of Christ saturated everything he said and did. Nothing is more visible in his letters than the intimate way in which, after a world of study, of reverent meditation and adoring contemplation, he entered into the human life of Christ. To that everything is referred, by that everything is explained. So there grew up in him a deep comprehension of the whole, as well as a minute sympathy with all the delicate details, of the character of Christ.

He had much in his intense, excessively nervous and naturally irritable disposition, and the fierce excitement which his mental exertion produced, to struggle against, but he most emphatically "fought a good fight." He strove hard and constantly for perfect self-control. He did not attempt to eradicate his natural qualities because they seemed bent toward evil, but rather tried to restrain and balance and exalt them by a higher motive. Nothing is finer than his quiet devotion to all small duties, his steadfast mastery over himself, his unwavering adherence to that course of teaching which brought upon him the censures and slanders which, however his

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reason might despise them, stung his heart to the last.

Strict self-denial was a habit with him; prayer was his constant resource; and he made very much of regular devotional reading. He specially prized, he says, "the works of eminently holy persons whose tone was not merely uprightness of character and high-mindedness, but communion, a strong sense of personal and ever-living communion with God besides." He read much in such lives as those of Martyn and Brainerd. Writing at Brighton, near the close of his life, when the pressure was very great on him, he says: "I recollect how far more peaceful my mind used to be when I was in the regular habit of reading daily, with scrupulous adherence to a plan, books of a devotional description; high thoughts and aims and feelings are caught by contact with loftiest minds far more than by any didactic discourse."

He clearly apprehended, as all who have reached the heights have done, the paramount importance of the right attitude of the will. He exclaims: "To say, 'Thy will be done,' in every dispensation, be it what it may, is the whole of religion: for

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what have we to do but to have our wishes entirely merged in that of our Father? When this is done we are ripe for the garner. Voluntary acquiescence in, and working with, the manifested law or will of God, is the very essence of human goodness. Is it not another name for love?"

His life was as far as possible removed from being a smooth and easy one. His sufferings, both physical and mental, were at times excruciating. He was very lonely, as all must be who walk the high paths of truth-seeking and make Christ their model. He was bitterly persecuted by those who did not at all understand him. But none of these things moved him from the straight road. He had a most noble independence and the strength of mind which is indispensable for great goodness. He held that we are here not to enjoy, but to learn. He writes in a letter: "Pain has long ceased to be an unintelligible mystery to me. Agony and anguish—O, in these far more than in sunshine, I can read a meaning and believe in Infinite Love. Goodness is better than happiness; and if pain be the minister of goodness, I can see that it is a proof of Love to debar happi-

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ness; nor am I moved from this conviction by exceptional cases, by perceiving that sometimes the result seems opposite. I am so certain that all is right that nothing of this kind, mental or physical, disturbs me."

Yes, he had the faith and the love which proved sufficient even for his great needs. A popular preacher at a fashionable watering-place, he in no way deteriorated, never lowered his banner, never sought for admiration, lived for the lowliest, despised notoriety, shunned fame, hated shams of every kind, bravely bore reproach for Christ, fearlessly spoke the truth as God gave him to see it, was an inspiration to great multitudes while he breathed, and since his premature departure has helped, through his published sermons, to elevate millions into a better comprehension of the glories of salvation. He has an inalienable place among the few exalted spirits who have laid the world under a great debt by the things they said and by the life they lived.

Phillips Brooks

PHILLIPS BROOKS had every help that the best of ancestry could furnish. He came of the strongest of Puritan stock. From his father he inherited many of his intellectual qualities. But from his mother came most of that which made him a prophet and a leader—his big heart, his magnetism, his genius. His spiritual nature and his emotional nature were from her. He was not confirmed until twenty-one years of age, at the end of his first year in the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Virginia. This singular postponement of so important a step until he was already entered on his immediate preparation for the Christian ministry, is a significant indication of the gradual nature of the work of grace within him. His full conversion was not a momentary but a lifelong process, as it has to be in most cases. One thing which made him hesitate so long in taking a decided stand was the fear lest he should lose something in submitting

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his will to God's. But it became clearly revealed to him that life would be larger, richer, and fuller, when seen in the light of God and lived out in union with Him. So he chose the way of absolute surrender, and he never tired of impressing upon young men the wondrous fact that obeying God is freedom, that a Christian man is one developed to his normal condition, and that it is sin which cramps and distorts and is an intruder.

He was very reticent as to his religious experience, and has left behind him no intelligible account of his conversion. But his biographer declares it was as deep and thorough as that of Augustine or Luther; and it is known that it was his strict, uniform usage at Trinity Church to require from those coming to confirmation unmistakable evidence that they had begun a new life and had a conscious experience of personal love to God, with a purpose to devote themselves to His service. Although almost always dumb as to his inner life, except as it came out in his sermons, in the June before he died he wrote a letter to a young man in which for once he drops the mask a little. He says: "These last

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years have had a peace and fullness which there did not used to be. I am sure it is a deeper knowledge and truer love of Christ. He is here. He knows me and I know Him. It is not a figure of speech. It is the realest thing in the world. And every day makes it realer. And one wonders what it will grow to as the years go on." The spirituality which was a prominent feature of his sermons always, increased with years. There was a growing devotion to Christ which more and more mastered his whole being. It was the spirit of his mother which increasingly took possession of him.

Within a year or two of his death, speaking to the St. Andrews' Brotherhood, he said: "Be absolutely simple. Never say to any one what you do not think and believe with your whole heart. Be simple, be consecrated, and, above all things, be pure. No man who is not himself pure can carry the message of God." This is true. And the wonderful messages of God which Bishop Brooks carried to such vast multitudes for so many years is no small proof of his own essential purity. It were easy to quote from these messages words which may fairly be taken as representing

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his own personal experience, for he could scarcely have uttered them had he not first deeply felt them. Space permits us to give only two such passages: "I find a Christian who has really 'received the Holy Ghost,' and what is it that strikes and delights me in him? It is the intense and intimate reality of Christ. Christ is evidently to him the clearest person in the universe. He talks to Christ. He dreads to offend Christ. He delights to please Christ. His whole life is light and elastic with this buoyant desire of doing everything for Jesus, just as Jesus would wish it done. So simple, but so powerful! So childlike, but so heroic! Duty has been transfigured. The weariness, the drudgery, the whole task-nature has been taken away. Love has poured like a new life-blood along the dry veins, and the soul that used to toil and groan and struggle goes ever singing along its way." "He has called you. Well, till the end, life here and hereafter will be only the unfolding of this personal love which seems to you so dear and so mysterious now. Christ will grow realler, nearer, more completely your Master and your Savior all your life. That

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is the whole of your religion. But as you go on you will find that that is enough, that it is more than eternity can exhaust." It was indeed the whole of this great preacher's religion, and the Savior grew ever dearer to him all his days.

He deeply loved God and truth and men. He belonged to humanity. He won the confidence and affection of the poor to an extraordinary degree. It was because he let his heart out toward them, not simply to them as a class, but to the individuals. He put himself to much trouble to wait upon any one, however lowly, that wanted his aid. He had a brooding love, a special tenderness for men and women. The city, on this account, was much more to him than the country. His mission, he said, was to see people. He never denied himself to them when they called; he hungered for them when he had been a week or two by himself. Everybody came to him, and he gave himself freely to all. It was a principle with him never to decline an invitation to preach, unless prevented by some previous engagement. He was jealous of religion, lest it should be treacherous to humanity.

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His love for truth was also intense. He grappled successfully with the intellectual difficulties of the day, and fairly conquered the doubts of the age. There was upon him an inward compulsion to translate the old doctrines into the convictions and language of modern life. He stood plainly for the largest freedom of inquiry, and for the unimpeded march of the soul forward into ever larger light. He was a valiant champion of the new theology, counting it better than the old, more fully adapted to the needs of the souls of men. He tried to preach it, feeling sure that the world would never go back to the outworn ideas, and especially the expressions, of the past. The nature of true tolerance he explained with utmost lucidity and maintained with utmost rigidity.

He was not a whit spoiled by adulation; in spite of his unequaled popularity and continual success, his modesty and humility never failed; he had the same simple, childlike spirit at the end as at the beginning. Strict conscientiousness marked his conduct not only in dealing with others but with himself. His power in prayer was something exceptional. He knew the

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way into the holy of holies. The bishop of Winchester, in dedicating a volume of sermons to Bishop Brooks, uses these adjectives to characterize him: "Strong, fearless, tender, eloquent, incapable of meanness, blazing with indignation at all kinds of wrong, his heart and mind deep and wide as the ocean at his door, simple and transparent as a child, keen with all the keenness of his race."

He was a thoroughly good man; but it is not necessary to conceal the fact that his piety was not quite the same as it would have been had he belonged to the Methodist Episcopal rather than the Protestant Episcopal Church. He lived in elegant surroundings, he was a frequent guest at large banquets, he was not a total abstainer, he was a smoker. He interpreted Christianity quite largely in the terms of the class among which he moved, in whose society he had been brought up. How could it be otherwise? A person with another environment or a different education would feel condemned for some of the practices he allowed. The fact that he allowed them, although so very good a man, in no way proves that they should be

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generally adopted on the one hand, nor, on the other hand, does it detract from his goodness. It is exceedingly important that while we keep a clear conscience ourselves—and it is hardly possible to have it too sensitive to the softest whispers of the Holy Spirit, the smallest departures from the way that seems to us right—we should not in any way impose our standard upon others or fail to give them full credit for the beautiful qualities which they show forth, though mingled with habits we deem harmful and that excite our surprise. God fulfills Himself in many ways, and equally loves His children of various names, though they find it sometimes hard thus to love or appreciate one another.

William E. Gladstone

GLADSTONE'S piety was of the most thoroughgoing sort. It pervaded his whole being and controlled every part of his life. It began early and continued late. There was no intermission for business or recreation. In the midst of heaviest cares and largest responsibilities he did not for a moment forget God; he had supreme regard for conscience; he kept before him a lofty ideal. Not since Cromwell had there appeared in England a ruler in whom the religious motive was so prominent. He was a moral force quite as much as a political one, prizing the latter mainly because of the former. "I contemplated secular affairs," he says, "chiefly as a means of being useful in Church affairs." He was a Churchman fully as much as he was a statesman. He maintained that right and wrong depend on the same set of maxims in public life as in private.

He taught in Sunday school as a youth, listened to sermons devoutly, read his

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Bible regularly at Eton, and became while there a member of the Church. At Oxford, in 1830, when a little over twenty, he makes this entry in his diary, a characteristic one: "In practice, the great end is that the love of God may become the habit of my soul, and particularly these things are to be sought: (1) the spirit of love; (2) of self-sacrifice; (3) of purity; (4) of energy." He held prayer-meetings in his room while at college, and paid the closest attention to all religious observance, very much as did John Wesley at Oxford just one hundred years before. When about to end his college course he felt a strong drawing toward the ministry. In a long letter to his father about it, he says: "The work of spreading religion has a claim infinitely transcending all others in dignity, in solemnity, and in usefulness." His mother wished this career for him; his father, while not opposing, bade him wait for decision till he had seen a little more of the world. "This missionary impulse," says his biographer, "in essence never faded. Religion was always the center of his being." A few years later he joined a small brotherhood formed by one of his friends, with

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rules for systematic exercises of devotion and works of mercy. Unable to go as a missionary abroad, which he would have liked, he found a missionary field at home in personal labor for the fallen women of London. In these humane efforts at reclamation he persevered all through his life, fearless of misconstruction, fearless of the levity or baseness of men's tongues, regardless almost of the possible mischiefs to the public policies that depended on him.

Few laymen ever studied the Bible more constantly and profitably, or received more practical guidance from it. He records in his diary how "on most occasions of very sharp pressure or trial some word of Scripture has come home to me as if borne on angels' wings," and he gives many illustrations of it. On taking office as prime minister the second time, at the age of seventy-one, he speaks of the "remarkable manner in which Holy Scripture has been applied to me for admonition and comfort."

Prayer also with him was a constant practice and a living power, not only at stated times, but in the midst of affairs. He was greatly given to ejaculatory prayer.

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Writing to his son at Oxford in 1872, after urging the daily reading of some portion of Scripture, he adds: "It is most beneficial to cultivate the habit of turning the thoughts to God, though but for a moment, in the course or during the intervals of business, which continually presents occasions requiring His aid and guidance." This was certainly his own practice. He also urged upon his son the tithing habit as of the utmost benefit. He attached great importance to the dedication of not less than one-tenth of our means to the purposes of charity and religion. His account-books, which he kept very carefully with his own hand, show that he never at any time of his life set aside less than a tenth of his income for God. From 1831 to 1897 the record shows that he gave about £84,000, besides £30,000 for the founding of the hostel and library at St. Deniol's.

Sunday was to him a day of rest and worship, which he scrupulously observed. Nothing short of the most urgent necessity hindered him from attending church twice on that day. On week-days he rarely failed to be present at the early morning

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service at the village church of Hawarden. On one occasion, though advanced in age, he made a special point of attending a service which had been arranged for the convenience of the colliers at four A. M. He often read the lessons himself. His eldest son, Stephen, was a rector, and also one of his sons-in-law. In his home family prayers were attended to every morning, and on Sunday evenings there was a short family service, at which his household was present in full force.

He was far from being simply a scrupulous observer of the outward forms of religion. His profound and unaffected piety impressed all who came into contact with him. He lived from a great depth of being. His most ardent longing was that he "might grow into the image of his Redeemer." And he did so grow. He had much to contend with in his natural disposition, for he combined the impulse, passion, fire, and pride of the Highlander, with the caution and circumspection of the Lowlander—he was all Scotch in origin. He attained complete self-mastery, but only by incessant wrestling in prayer. This is the testimony of his wife.

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To him, life was a very serious business, "a great and noble calling," he said; "not a mean and groveling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny." He quoted, with hearty appreciation, the words of Charles Lamb, "He gave his heart to the Purifier, his will to the Sovereign Will of the universe." This was what he himself did. The words of Dante, "In His will is our peace," were often on his lips. He wrote to his wife: "The final state which we are to contemplate with hope and to seek by discipline is that in which our will shall be one with the will of God." "Whatever He ordains for us is best—best both for us and for all."

What a "grand old man" he came to be. "The contagion of the world's slow stain" had not infected or corrupted him. Though the subject of intense and causeless hatred, he bore no malice, took no reprisals. He kept the pure faith of a child, though battling in the rough stream of affairs. He was ever loyal to his Redeemer, and to the highest ideals of conduct. At the close of life he gave this witness: "I have made mistakes enough

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in my political career, God knows. But I can honestly say that I have never done or said anything in politics in which I did not sincerely believe." Yes, he was sincere, honest, earnest, just; a knight without fear, loving freedom and devoted to the cause of the people, blameless in life, almost Quixotically conscientious, so that "his friends lived in dread of his virtues," an incarnation of public duty, a model of private faithfulness.

Charles G. Finney

MR. FINNEY was born in Warren, Conn., August 29, 1792, and died at Oberlin, Ohio, August 16, 1875. His parents, who removed to Western New York when he was an infant, were neither of them professors of religion, and up to his twenty-sixth year, at which time he began to study law, he had never enjoyed any religious privileges or lived in a praying community. He had been brought up mostly in the woods, and was almost as ignorant of religion, he says, as a heathen. In connection with his law studies he became interested in the Bible, to which his attention was called for the first time, and he also came at this period for the first time under the influence of an educated minister. The Holy Spirit got hold of him, and when twenty-nine years old he had a very remarkable conversion. He immediately went to work for Jesus with immense enthusiasm, having no heart for anything else, and, forsaking the law, pre-

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pared by private study for the ministry, to which he felt himself strongly called. From the very beginning the most startling results attended his word, and widespread revivals broke out. In 1835 he took hold of the new institution at Oberlin, and from that time till his decease divided his energies between the college and widely extended evangelistic victories on both sides of the Atlantic.

During the early months of 1837, while at work in New York City, "the Lord was pleased," he says, "to visit my soul with a great refreshing. After a season of great searching of heart, He brought me, as He has often done, into a large place, and gave me much of that divine sweetness of which President Edwards speaks, as attained in his own experience." He explains that he had frequently before this become greatly dissatisfied with his want of stability in faith and love, his weakness in the presence of temptation, and the difficulty that he found in retaining that communion with God, that hold upon the divine strength which would enable him efficiently to promote revivals of religion. He began to see clearly that there

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was "an altogether higher and more stable form of Christian life attainable," that it was the privilege of all Christians to live without known sin or condemnation, and to have unbroken peace.

A still greater baptism came upon him near the close of 1843, while he was conducting a revival in Boston. The Lord gave his soul at this time, he says, "a very thorough overhauling." His mind became exceedingly exercised on the question of personal holiness. He gave himself to a great deal of prayer, and spent the days throughout the winter in little else than searching the Scriptures, much of which seemed new to him, and ablaze with life and light. He had a great struggle to consecrate himself to God in a higher sense than he had ever before conceived obligatory or possible. His wife was in very feeble health, and he found difficulty in giving her up unqualifiedly to the will of God. For a long time he was unable to do it. But victory finally came. The infinitely blessed and perfect will of God was welcomed in all its length and breadth as never before, followed by a complete resting in that will, an absolute satisfaction with it,

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whatever it might bring, such as he had not known. "My mind settled into a perfect stillness. My confidence in God was perfect. My acceptance of His will was perfect, and my mind was as calm as heaven." His desires seemed all met. Where before prayer had been fervent and protracted for a long period, now he could only say, "Thy will be done." He had such strong faith that God would accomplish all His perfect will that he could not be anxious about anything, nor could he hardly ask for anything; his soul was entirely satisfied. He says: "The Lord lifted me above anything that I had experienced before, and taught me so much of the meaning of the Bible, of Christ's relations and power and willingness, that I often found myself saying to Him, 'I had not known or conceived that any such thing was true.' At times I could not realize that I had ever before been truly in communion with God. Since then I have never had those great struggles and long-protracted seasons of agonizing prayer that I had often experienced. It is quite another thing to prevail with God from what it was before. I can come to God with

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more calmness because with more perfect confidence. He enables me now to rest in Him, and let everything sink into His perfect will. I have felt since then a religious freedom, a religious buoyancy and delight in God and in His Word, a steadiness of faith, a Christian liberty and overflowing love that I had only experienced occasionally before. My bondage seemed at that time entirely broken; and since then I have had the freedom of a child with a loving parent. I can find God within me in such a sense that I can rest upon Him and be quiet; lay my heart in His hand, and nestle down in His perfect will, and have no carefulness or anxiety."

One other experience deserves mention: A few years after the great refreshing of 1843, his beloved wife died, and though he felt no resistance whatever to the will of God, as he thought, he fell into great sorrow that almost overwhelmed him. But soon the Lord showed him that if he really loved her, not for himself, but for her own sake, and for God's sake, her happiness with the Lord would make him rejoice in her joy instead of mourning so selfishly. This produced an instantaneous change in

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his whole state of mind. From that moment sorrow on account of his loss was gone forever. His faith became so strong and his mind so enlightened that he seemed to enter into the very state of mind in which she was in heaven, and to commune with her there, to participate in the profound unbroken rest in the perfect will of God, the union with His will, which she was experiencing. "I could see that this was heaven, and I experienced it in my own soul. I have never to this day lost the blessing of these views. They frequently recur to me as the very state of mind in which the inhabitants of heaven are, and I can see why they are in such a state of blessedness."

Frances Ridley Havergal

MISS HAVERGAL'S religious experience divides itself naturally into two periods, the first of which, up to December 2, 1873, need not detain us much, for it is of the common kind, marked by the usual doubts and struggles that hamper the progress of so many of God's children. From earliest years she longed to be a Christian, but received little aid. When about fourteen, in a revival at school, she took a forward step and had a sort of conversion, but it was far from clear or satisfactory to her aspiring soul, which had very high standards. Still, from about this time she assumed Christian duties and took a stand for Jesus. July 17, 1854, she was confirmed (her father being a clergyman in the Church of England), and found a blessing in it.

She now went on from year to year with a good many ups and downs, her faith sometimes much strengthened, sometimes much wavering, but with a growing beauty

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in her daily life and considerable success from time to time in soul-winning, as well as large blessings on her literary labors. Still the unreserved surrender was not made, and, in consequence, permanent peace was not found. She remained in more or less bondage to the opinions of worldly friends. Pride and selfishness at times gave her sore battles and keen regrets. She deeply grieved when she yielded to temptation, and strongly desired to rise to a higher level of Christian life, but she seemed unable to grasp the great truths in this direction which were faithfully pointed out to her.

In the latter part of November, 1873, Miss Havergal received a penny tract with the title, "All for Jesus," which met the needs of her soul. It set forth a fullness of Christian love and life, a uniform brightness and continuous enjoyment of God much beyond what she had attained. She wrote to the author, and, in response to her letter, he said a few words on the power of Jesus to keep those who abide in Him from falling, and on the continually present power of His blood to save, according to 1 John 1: 7, "The blood of Jesus

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Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Joyfully she replied, "I see it all, and I have the blessing."

This surely was simple, but it made a wondrous change. In her own words, "It lifted her whole soul into sunshine of which all she had previously experienced was but as pale and passing April gleams, compared with the fullness of summer glory." Henceforth her peace and joy flowed onwards, deepening and widening under the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Her surrender was never retracted, but it was constantly renewed and revised in the continual endeavor to keep the consecration up to the ever-increasing light. There was a very blessed and almost uninterrupted progress as she pressed toward the mark.

In the few years that followed before she passed to heaven (June 3, 1879) she was able nearly always to sound very clear high notes of triumph to the honor of her Lord. We append a few expressions from her letters: "I have not a fear or a doubt or a care or a shadow of a shadow upon the sunshine of my heart. Every day brings some quite new cause for praise."

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"My whole heart says, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.'" "I never feel eager even for usefulness now; it is happier to leave it all to Him, and I always pray, 'Use me, Lord, or not use me, just as Thou wilt.'" "Life is now what I never dreamed life on earth could be, though I knew much of peace and joy in believing before." "The blessing not only lasts but increases. It is even having a great effect upon my health; for all touch of worry, care, anxiety, and fidget about anything earthly or heavenly is all gone. Jesus takes it all, and the rest of faith is more perfect and uninterrupted than I imagined it possible for any one of my nervous, high-strung temperament to enjoy." "Now, 'Thy will be done' is not a sigh, but a song." "It is such a glorious life, this life of utter surrender, continual cleansing, absolute trust, and implicit obedience." "The really leaving everything to Him is so inexpressibly sweet, and surely He does arrange so much better than we could for ourselves when we leave it all to Him." "Is it not delicious to know that He chooses every bit of our work,

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and orders every moment of our waiting? What a Master we have!" "Great is Thy faithfulness' shines out upon the past, and 'I will fear no evil' upon the future." "There seems no room for the word disappointment in the happy life of entire trust in Jesus and satisfaction with His perfect and glorious will."

Miss Havergal was called to pass through very severe trials, bereavements, heavy losses by fire, and failures of publishing houses, and intense, protracted, painful illness. Her triumph in these things was unquestionable. She was brought to the borders of the grave by a long, lingering fever, but kept in perfect peace. She says: "I am so very happy that it has really seemed worth being prayed back from the very gates of heaven, if I may but tell of His faithfulness. Not one good thing hath failed." "He has granted me fully to rejoice in His will. I am not conscious of even a wish crossing it. He giveth songs in the night. I feel as if it had intensified my trust. I do trust Him utterly, and feel as if I could not help trusting Him." "I have not one regret or quiver of longing for anything but what He appoints. He

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hath done all things well. How sure we are of that." "I am so very glad He did not answer prayer for my recovery all those eight months of illness. Why, I should have missed all sorts of blessing and precious teaching if He had."

She was so eager to advance that the searching processes were welcomed. She did not shrink from painful discoveries of evil, because she so greatly wanted to have the unknown depths cleansed as well as what came more readily to the surface. And God carried on His work within her in the usual way, by gradual disclosures as she was fitted to bear it. There were times when she felt that her watchfulness had not been quite perfect; that the eye of faith had wandered, for a moment at least, from Jesus; that there had been a less ready and hearty response than there should have been to some unexpected and trying requirement of the Master; that there was a less eager searching to know and pressing on to do the whole will of God than was possible; that through some remissness or rashness or half unconsciousness self-seeking or evil speaking or inward fretting, the close communion had been a

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little clouded as He withdrew the brightness of His shining, and some small spot or wrinkle had marred the snowy robe of perfect righteousness. She could not always feel so sure as she wished that the temptation to spiritual pride had not met with some slight consent and so partaken a little of the nature of sin. Her sensitive conscience and strict self-judgment led her to set down several accusations of this sort against herself in the course of her correspondence. She did not count herself to have reached perfection. She was ready to confess that the full continual draughts of "shadowless communion" which she believed possible she did not possess; and occasionally there were humbling revelations of failure in fullest consecration. It was not till August, 1878, that God showed her the inconsistency of a Christian's retaining a large amount of superfluous jewelry while the heathen were perishing for the gospel. And not till two or three months before her death did she take any decided stand or do any work for the cause of total abstinence.

But it should be distinctly understood that very rare and very brief were the

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pauses in the triumphant onward march of her Christian character. Her whole soul was wrapped up in honoring her beloved Lord. "I don't ask Him to guide my words, but to give me His," she writes. And He did speak through her to the uplifting of multitudes in a very wonderful way. Her sweet hymns have thrilled the Church universal. She sang for Jesus as very few have done. She was a most ardent Bible student. Her prose works are completely saturated with Scripture. She committed to memory all the New Testament and the devotional parts of the Old. Nothing less than a volume of description would do anything like justice to her beautiful life.

In the midst of her forty-third year God took her to Himself. It is little to say that she did not fear death. Any such feeling in the face of her Father's messenger would have been quite impossible. To be with the King was her deepest desire. She astonished the doctor by the inquiry, "Do you think I have a chance of going?" When great agony came on she whispered, "It's home the faster. God's will is delicious. He makes no mis-

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takes." When the end was thought to be very near she asked, "Do you really think I am going to-day?" The doctor said, "Probably." And her reply was, "Beautiful; too good to be true." Soon after, looking up smiling, she said, "Splendid to be so near the gates of heaven." This, and "So beautiful to go," was again and again repeated. "Do speak bright, bright words about Jesus," she said; "He is so good to take me now. Come, Lord Jesus, come and fetch me." And so, amid anguish of body, but with victory in her soul and glorious radiance upon her face, she passed up to meet in heaven the Master whom she had so faithfully served on earth.

Charles George Gordon

GORDON'S birthday was January 28, 1833, and his crowning day January 26, 1885—slain by Arab spears or rifle-balls at Khartoum, diademed by the Almighty somewhere in the upper regions. His father was a lieutenant-general in the Royal Artillery, stationed at Woolwich, when Charles was born, and the latter was educated in the Military Academy there. Whether he ever had any experience which corresponds at all closely to what we call conversion is not clear. There is, at least, no account of it in any of the many books about him which have appeared, or any of his voluminous journals and letters. His brother writes: "It is difficult to say at what period of his life his thoughts began to take a serious turn. One thing is quite certain, and that is, that through his mother's loving tenderness the seed was sown in childhood, and that the terrible scenes of rapine, starvation, and murder he witnessed in China caused that seed to

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bring forth its own fruit in good time." Rev. Mr. Barnes says: "He told me that he could not remember a period when thinking of these things (the joys of heaven) he had not longed for death." Before Sebastopol, when he was twenty-one, we find cropping out in letters and journals much the same ideas that characterized his whole life. He was never connected directly with any section of professing Christians. The two he most favored were the English Presbyterians and the Church of England. He was truly catholic, finding good in all, and as ready to help the poor of one sect as of another. "Protestants and Catholics," he said, "are but soldiers of different regiments in the same army."

He was by no means without weaknesses and faults. He had many peculiarities and eccentricities. Inaction was intolerable to him, and he had an almost morbid appreciation of the value of time. Hence he was not always placid or patient. Impatience and pride, or the fear of their rising again, though so firmly held down, troubled him more or less to the end. He was not in all things worthy to be an example, not

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a model of all the virtues, and he would have been the last to claim it, or to profess entire deliverance from a sinful nature. But there have been very few men who strove so earnestly to conform their lives to the will of God or to imitate Jesus Christ. He seemed to care for nothing except to serve his Lord and to do good. A prayer he often uttered was, "May I be ground to dust if He will glorify Himself in me." Much of his life was a living sacrifice for the sins of others. He stands out not as a little hill, but as one of the mountains of God, a hero among heroes, a saint among saints. Says Rev. H. C. Wilson, who was with him much at Gravesend: "I never knew a man who lived so near to God. He literally looked not at the seen, but at the unseen, and endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Said one who was conversant with his life in Ireland: "I knew General Gordon well, and if it were possible for a man to be deified on account of his goodness, Gordon was the man." An officer in the army who knew him intimately, said, "Gordon was the nearest approach to Christ Jesus of any man that ever lived." Mr. Lawrence Oliphant

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called him "the most Christly man I ever knew." And of such testimonies many more have been given.

His unworldliness could in no way be hid from the gaze of those about him. They felt in him all the naturalness of a little child, the strangeness also of childhood that has not yet learned our poor earthly values or our low earthly language. He was not at home in conventional society, hated to be lionized, disliked decorations, fled from human praise. He was not a dreamer; he was simply awake in the world of dreamers, under an open sky, while the rest were shut in. Nothing irritated him more than to be effusively thanked. The desire to efface himself entered into the small details of life, and amounted almost to a disease. He would never talk of himself or his doings. His four principles of life, he said, were: "(1) Entire self-forgetfulness; (2) absence of pretension; (3) refusal to accept as a motive the world's praise or disapproval; (4) to follow in all things the will of God."

It is his unwavering trust in God, his absolute faith, perhaps, more than any one thing which would be selected as the lead-

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ing feature of his character. He said: "Either I must believe He does all things in mercy and love, or I must disbelieve in His existence; there is no half-way in that matter for me." "It is quite impossible that any one can be happy, or even tranquil, unless he accepts the faith that God rules every little item in our daily lives, permitting the evil and turning it to our good." "Whatsoever happens is best; God directs all things, great and small, in infinite wisdom." "The whole of religion consists in looking to God as the true Ruler, and above the agents He uses: the flesh will always look to the agents." "I can not wish things were different from what they are, for if I do so, then I wish my will, not His, to be done." "In this life the position we occupy is as nothing; each is in his right place." "When you bow to the will of God you die to the world."

"Be not thou moved," was one of his favorite watchwords. And his keen appreciation of the superior delights of the next world was one of the principal causes why the delights and dangers of this world had so little power to move him. He looked

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forward to death as a great boon, an inestimable blessing, above all things to be desired. He writes: "Some one has said to me that my sister's marriage might shorten my mother's life, as if it were a thing to be lamented." "If you see any one fading away, envy him or her, and say, 'How long shall I be passed over; when will my time come?'" "One blessing of the Christian's life is that he daily grows younger and younger and is, as it were, born when he dies." To the king of Abyssinia, who threatened him with death, he replied that he was entirely ready to die, and that in killing him the king would only confer a favor, opening a door he must not open for himself.

He was a simple, strong, unselfish man, a knight of the nineteenth century. The days and the deeds of chivalry were in him more than repeated. They were heightened because of the loftier motives which lighted him on his lonely way. For if ever one was possessed with a fervent love for man, combined with a passion for God's glory and a supreme devotion to the will divine, it certainly was he. He was free from cant. He did not press re-

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ligion indiscriminately on all, being a man of exceeding great common sense; but wherever he felt that it would do, he introduced the subject, and delighted in nothing so much as to talk about the things of the Kingdom. He was an assiduous tract distributor in a quiet way. Before leaving England for Khartoum the last time, he sent to each member of the cabinet a copy of "Clarke on the Scripture Promises," which was one of his favorite books. The "Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius" was held by him in the very highest esteem, and also Kempis' "Imitation of Christ."

On his final departure from England, he sent to a friend, from the War Office, this telegram: "I go to the Soudan tonight; if He goes with me, all must be well." And he had no doubt as to God's going with him. The whole story of his life is written in these simple words. He called the presence of God his Koh-i-noor. The last letter which he sent from Khartoum, December 14, 1884, just before the veil shut in around him, contains these closing words: "God rules all; and as He will rule to His glory and our welfare, His will be done. I am quite happy, thank

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God, and, like Lawrence, I have tried to do my duty."

On the magnificent memorial tablet erected to him in St. Paul's, appear these words: "To Major General Charles George Gordon, . . . who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God."

Alfred Cookman

ALFRED COOKMAN (1828-1871) had a genius for religion; he was a spiritual seer, belonging to the highest royalty of earth. Born at Columbia, Pa., son of the distinguished George G. Cookman, he was early consecrated to the ministry by a most godly mother, and soundly converted when a boy of ten while at school in Carlisle. Entering the Philadelphia Conference in 1848, he filled the most prominent appointments in leading cities for many years, and was exceedingly active at camp meetings, until he swept through the gates of death at Newark, "washed in the blood of the Lamb," and triumphantly ascended to Him whom he had loved so fervently.

While preaching on the Attleboro Circuit in Pennsylvania, before he was twenty, through the influence of Bishop Hamline, he made a more intelligent, specific, and carefully complete surrender than had before been possible, thus inaugurating a

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new religious epoch, and entering on the blessed rest of a decidedly higher life, counting himself, as he says, "wholly sanctified through the power of the Holy Ghost." "Peace, broad, deep, full, satisfying, sacred peace," he says, "was the immediate effect. O what blessed rest in Jesus! What a conscious union and constant communion with God; what increased power to do or suffer the will of the Father; what confidence in prayer; what joy in religious conversation; what an illumination in the perusal of the sacred Word; what increased unction in the performance of public duties!" After enjoying this for a short time, he lost it through grieving the Spirit of God at Conference by foolish joking, hilarious story-telling, and tobacco-smoking.

For some unexplained reason—lack of proper teaching, probably—he allowed more than nine sad, crippled, and wasted years to elapse before he renewed his covenant. He did this July 16, 1856, giving up his tobacco and all doubtful indulgences, and entering into a wealthy place, from which he never afterward consciously departed. From this time on full salvation

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was his distinctive theme, his abiding joy. We do not find, however, that he intermitted his endeavors after greater nearness to Christ. In 1862 his testimony was: "I have been able to say for years, 'I am saved through the blood of Jesus Christ.' I have no doubt of my personal purity, but I want to be filled with the Spirit. I am hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and God is filling me. I have been too anxious for all the fullness at once; but I am willing to be filled as God may determine. I am climbing up. I don't leave my present standpoint, but I am climbing up, and wish to do so for ever and ever." Again he said: "It is the special desire of my heart that I may be filled with God. I am panting for more of God, more of His truth, more of His holiness, more of His power; I want the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of peace."

At a later date, 1871, shortly before his death, he got yet clearer revelations as to the path to perfection, and says: "I used to maintain that the blood was sufficient, but I am coming to know that tribulation brings us to the blood that cleanseth. I have known for many years what it is to

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be washed in the blood of the Lamb; now I understand the full meaning of that verse, ‘These are they which came out of great tribulation,’ perfect or purified through suffering.” And not far from the same time he wrote: “Cleansed from sin, let us go on, concerned to be without wrinkle or any such thing. After the washing or purifying there are other processes used by the power or Spirit of God in smoothing and adorning and perfecting our characters. We want to be presented faultless before the throne of God with exceeding joy.”

He certainly impressed all who came in contact with him for years that he was ever intent—increasingly so as time wore on—upon one object, the greatest likeness to Jesus. One-tenth of his income was dedicated strictly to religious uses. He had a firm faith in the care of Divine Providence. A young man in Newark, speaking highly of his goodness after his death, was asked if he had often heard him preach. “No,” said he, “I have never heard him preach, but I have watched him as he was walking along the street.”

His last weeks were a wonderful com-

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pound of keenest physical agony and highest spiritual joy. With every sharp, excruciating pain (from acute inflammatory rheumatism) he felt that Jesus pressed him even more closely to His great heart of love. He counted himself immensely the gainer from his sufferings. He said: "My Church is very dear to me; my wife and children are very precious; my friends are dear to me; but the sweet will of God I love better than all else; I have no choice to live or die. If I could have life on earth by the lifting of my hand, I would not. If Jesus should ask me would I live or die, I would answer, 'I refer it back to Thee.' The great concern on my mind has been to know exactly what is the design of my Heavenly Father in this dispensation. It has wonderfully increased my interest in and sympathy for suffering humanity. It has realized to me the power and preciousness of many parts of Scripture. It has satisfied me of the independent action of the soul, for when my whole lower nature seemed to be quivering and quailing through excruciating pain, my higher being not only trusted but triumphed in the God of my salvation. The best hours of my

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illness were when the fierce fires of suffering were kindling and scorching all around me. It has convinced me that full salvation is the only preparation for the ten thousand contingencies that belong to a mortal career."

So he passed to his great reward, leaving behind him a deathless name. He was ever on the stretch for the highest things, a blameless and beautiful character, a glowing witness to the Spirit-filled life, and a consistent exemplifier of the closest walk with God.

Henry Drummond

IT must be confessed that Henry Drummond was not exactly a saint of the conventional sort, or after what may be called the regulation pattern, as it is commonly conceived. He was very fond of athletics, was fascinated with fishing and hunting, a keen chess-player, a boon companion of boys to the end, very much given to smoking, always well dressed, had a strong sense of humor, and a plentiful supply of hobbies, among them that of collecting old, carved, oak furniture; was a pronounced evolutionist, and decidedly modern in his views of the Bible. Yet that he was far beyond the ordinary in goodness and holiness, all that came into closest contact with him bear willing witness. Professor George Adam Smith, his chief biographer, says, "There are hundreds of men and women who will always be sure that his was the most Christlike life they ever knew." This is the testimony of those that knew him longest and most intimately;

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that he lived constantly in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, appropriating its blessings and exemplifying its teachings. Mr. D. L. Moody, than whom on all accounts there is none more competent to speak, said: "Never have I known a man who, in my opinion, lived nearer the Master or sought to do His will more fully. No man has ever been with me for any length of time that I did not see in him something that was unlike Christ, and I often do it in myself, but not in Henry Drummond. He was the most Christlike man I ever knew." Sir Archibald Geikie, who taught him and traveled much with him, said: "I have never met with a man in whom transparent integrity, high moral purpose, sweetness of disposition, and exuberant helpfulness were more happily combined with wide culture, poetic imagination, and scientific sympathies than they were in Henry Drummond." Still another says, "He seemed to possess all the graces and virtues of which as perfect man I dreamed."

Men and women of every rank of life, and of almost every nation under the sun turned to him for the inspiration which can only come from the purest, and poured

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into his receptive soul their freest confidences and confessions. He was both prophet and priest to a great host. He was a born evangelist. And after the Moody and Sankey campaign in Scotland—1873-1874—which found him in college at Edinburgh, and in which he was marvelously useful, evangelism became the master passion of his life the rest of his days. He had long dreamed of it, and he was eminently fitted for it—a great fisher of men, one of the Andrew type, pleasant mannered, always getting hold of somebody and introducing people to Christ. This was his most enduring work for the Master—personal contact with others, into whose very hearts he easily entered by a marvelous sympathy. Never, perhaps, was any man so loved as he. He had a genius for friendship, an absorbing interest in others, looking upon their things rather than his own. He had the humility of self-forgetfulness, the patience of love, was always courteous, kind, genial, simple, sunny, and hopeful. He gave sympathy freely, but never called for it. He showed a Christianity which was perfectly natural, unforced, and unassuming. And yet he

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did not follow the fashions of society; did not care for the things of this world, seeing its extreme littleness in comparison with the attractions of the hereafter, and he never bowed to Mrs. Grundy. He carried about him an air of distinction, but it was an air of purity, not of pride. He belonged to the true aristocracy of passionate souls —those who live not on the circumference of things, but at the center—live for the things most worth while. With very lofty conceptions of his duty toward his fellow-men, which prompted him to sink personal preferences and ease, he had also an unfaltering trust in God and a deep devotion to His will. He preached an extended series of discourses on the will of God, finding it, as he says, his “freshest truth, a profound and marvelous subject, a great help to many of my friends.” He was intensely spiritual. “I have only one passion; that is Christ,” he said, and his daily life and conversation were absolutely consistent, his friends declare, with this all-embracing confession of faith.

The ease and winsomeness of his piety was, it should be said, largely inherited. His parents were deeply religious as well

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as evangelical in doctrine, and his early home was permeated with a bracing Christian atmosphere. He was born at Sterling, August 17, 1851, and died at Tunbridge Wells, March 11, 1897. He began to be a Christian at nine years of age, when he was found, a little, curly-headed boy, weeping to think he had never loved the dear Savior. At this time doubtless he gave his heart to Jesus. He quite early received what he considered a call to the direct service of God, but, somewhat singularly, he felt no drawing to the ordinary work of the ministry. And though he went, not only through the college, but also through the theological classes at Edinburgh (1866-1876), and was even licensed to preach in 1878, he rejected all invitations to settle as a pastor. It is true that he was ordained in 1884, but this was only to comply with the regulations of the Free Church, that he might take the chair of natural science in Glasgow Theological College. He always declined to be called "reverend," or preach in the usual acceptation of that term. He gave addresses, lectures, and Bible-readings. He appeared to feel that any touch of professionalism would hinder him in

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getting close to those he so much wished to reach—the young men and boys, the students of the colleges and universities of Scotland, England, Ireland, America, and Australia—with whom he was such a power for good.

He reached, with voice and pen, a wider constituency than almost any other religious teacher of his time. His first book, which made him so speedily famous, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," had attained a sale of 130,000 copies some years ago in England alone, to say nothing of the vast number sold in other lands. His Christmas booklets had an amazing circulation. "The Greatest Thing in the World," issued at Christmas, 1889, had sold in Great Britain before the author died 330,000 copies; "Pax Vobiscum," issued in 1890, sold 130,000 copies in six years. Others of the series, not quite so popular, sold 90,000, 80,000, 60,000 copies. Who can estimate the good that was thus done?

But his greatest contribution to religion was himself. As Mr. H. W. Mabie has said: "He was a fine example of natural goodness, a beautiful type of normal re-

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ligious unfolding. He was without cant, exaggeration, undue emphasis of one side of life to the exclusion of the other, affectation of speech, or self-consciousness." He found the heart of Christianity, the secret of pure manhood, and a beneficent life in a personal friendship for Christ, and this was his chief message. Dr. Marcus Dodds, one of his teachers, to whose influence he was fond of expressing his supreme indebtedness for whatever benefit his life had been, said at the funeral: "To any one who had need of him he seemed to have no concerns of his own to attend to; he was wholly at the disposal of those whom he could help. It was this active and self-forgetting sympathy, this sensitiveness to the condition of every one he met which won the heart of peer and peasant, which made him the most delightful of companions and the most serviceable of friends. Penetrate as deeply as you might into his nature and scrutinize it as keenly, you never met anything to disappoint, anything to incline you to suspend your judgment or modify your verdict that here you had a man as nearly perfect as you had ever known any one to be. And

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at the heart of all lay his profound religious reverence, his unreserved acceptance of Christ and of Christ's idea of law and life. He was through and through, first of all and last of all, a follower and a subject of Christ."

Yet, like the Master and most other good men, he had many enemies, because he was much misunderstood. Their attacks were often cruel, and he sometimes felt them, but he never retaliated in kind. He was obliged to depart from the school of the older orthodoxy, even as was Jesus. He did his best to help on the movement toward a more solid, because more reasonable, faith, and a truer, purer Christianity. They who think this detracted from his saintliness must part company with D. L. Moody, who, though most strictly orthodox himself, was great enough to see that this was not the matter of highest importance, and that mere differences of opinion on doctrine furnish no reason for diminution of sincere admiration or reverent friendship.

We find him, however, on his nineteenth birthday, writing in his private journal, which was never seen during his life, "I

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think that I can honestly say that the chief desire of my heart is to be reconciled to God, and to feel the light of His countenance *always* upon me. As honestly I think I can say that God in His great goodness has given me little care for the things of the world."

Later, in his interleaved Testament, he gives this "Receipt for misery: Be a half-hearted Christian." That he never was. He said, "I am afraid to move a single step without searching the Scripture and prayer to know the mind of the only wise God."

Dwight Lyman Moody

THE son who wrote Mr. Moody's biography declares: "Father lived solely for the glory of God and for the spread of the gospel of Jesus Christ." And again: "For nearly half a century his one aim in life was to do the will of God." Professor Towner testified: "I have never met a man who came so near Christ's standard as he." That he lived wholly for God, with a passionate devotion to the work of saving souls, and was remarkably successful in winning men to God, is so manifest as to need no enlargement. And the fact makes it incumbent on us to inquire for the secret of his achievements. That he could have done what he did in so many directions had he not been really a great man is inconceivable. Professor Drummond says: "Moody was the biggest human I ever met." And another gave testimony: "In sheer brain size, in the raw material of intellect, Moody stands among the first three or four great men I

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have ever known." He had so many of the qualities that win that he would have made a huge mark in the world in almost any line of action.

He chose religion, and he had for this some important helps. He had, in the first place, an exceedingly good mother, to whose wise training he owed much; and, in the second place, a sound conversion. Leaving his home at Northfield, Mass. (born February 5, 1837), he went to Boston to make his way when seventeen, and there, through the labors of a faithful Sunday school teacher, was speedily brought to Christ. Soon after his reception into the Church (Mt. Vernon Congregational) he removed to Chicago to improve his fortunes, and there threw himself with characteristic energy not only into making money, but into working for his Savior, especially in the Sunday school line.

It was in connection with this that, in 1861, he received the first of those marked spiritual uplifts that made him what he was. The story has been often told: One of the teachers in the school he superintended, finding that he was soon to die of consumption, and being much distressed

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over the fact that he had never led any of his class to Christ, went round with Moody to all their houses and pleaded with them till the last one had yielded. Then, the night before the teacher had to leave, the class was called together for a prayer-meeting. Mr. Moody says: "Then God kindled a fire in my soul that has never gone out. The height of my ambition had been to be a successful merchant, and if I had known that meeting was going to take that ambition out of me I might not have gone. But how many times I have thanked God since for that meeting. As I went from it I said to myself, 'O God, let me die rather than lose the blessing I have received to-night.' "

He did not lose it, but, on the contrary, added to it many others. Not all are recorded, but special mention is made in his biography of no less than five, as the years went on. One came on his first visit to Great Britain in 1867. There he heard words which, his son says, marked the beginning of a new era in his life. They were uttered by Mr. Henry Varley, and were as follows: "The world has yet to see what God will do with, and for, and in, and by,

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and through a man who is fully and wholly consecrated to Him." This was not wholly true, for God had already shown, through Wesley as well as through others, what He could do with men entirely given up to Him. Nevertheless, it made a great impression on the mind of Mr. Moody. He reflected: "He did not say a great man, nor a learned man, nor a rich man, nor a wise man, nor an eloquent man, but simply a man. I am a man, and it lies with the man himself whether or not he will make that entire and full consecration. I will try my best to be that man." The impression was deepened by another remark, made by Mr. Bewley, of Dublin, who inquired if he was "all O and O," meaning all out and out for Christ. "From that time forward," says the biographer, "the endeavor to be 'O and O' for Christ was supreme."

It was not very long after this when another epoch in Mr. Moody's experience was marked by his intercourse with Henry Moorhouse, whose acquaintance he made in Dublin, and who came over to Chicago to preach for Mr. Moody in the church he had there established, preaching for seven

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successive nights, on the one text, "God so loved the world." A specially sweet baptism of love seems to have been the result. Again, in 1871, came a crisis which meant much to him. An intense hunger and thirst for spiritual power was aroused in him by two women who used to attend his meetings and sit on the front seat. He could see by the expression on their faces that they were praying. They told him that they were praying for him, because he needed the power of the Spirit and an anointing for special service. They talked and prayed with him. He says: "There came a great hunger into my soul. I did not know what it was. I began to cry out as I never did before. I really felt that I did not want to live if I could not have this power for service." While he was in this mental and spiritual condition, Chicago was laid in ashes by the big fire. He worked hard to repair the losses, but he says: "My heart was not in the work of begging. I was crying all the time that God would fill me with His Spirit. Well, one day in the city of New York—O what a day!—I can not describe it; I seldom refer to it; it is almost too sacred an experi-

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ence to name. I can only say that God revealed Himself to me, and I had such an experience of His love that I had to ask Him to stay His hand. The blessing came upon me suddenly, like a flash of lightning. I was filled with a sense of God's goodness, and felt as though I could take the whole world to my heart. I went to preaching again. The sermons were not different; I did not present new truths, and yet hundreds were converted. I would not now be placed back where I was before that blessed experience if you should give me all the world—it would be as the small dust of the balance. Since then I have never lost the assurance that I am walking in communion with God, and I have a joy in His service that sustains me and makes it easy work. I believe I was an older man then than I am now; I have been growing younger ever since. I used to be very tired when preaching three times a week; now I can preach five times a day and never get tired at all. I have done three times the work I did before, and it gets better and better every year. It is so easy to do a thing when love prompts you."

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In the next year (1872) he was in England again, and attended the Mildmay Conference in London. He thus records his impression of the Rev. William Pennefather, founder of Mildmay: "I well remember seeing the beloved Mr. Pennefather's face illumined, as it were, with heaven's light. I don't think I can recall a word that he said, but the whole atmosphere of the man breathed holiness, and I got then a lift and impetus in the Christian life that I have never lost, and I believe the impression will remain with me to my dying day. I thank God that I saw and spoke with that holy man. No one could see him without the consciousness that he lived in the presence of God."

One other special experience is given which occurred much later (1892) when, on his voyage from England, he came very near being shipwrecked. He found himself, in the face of that imminent peril, not as calm as he should have been, not wholly delivered from the fear of death. He writes: "It was the darkest hour of my life. I could not endure it. I must have relief, and relief came in prayer. God heard my cry, and enabled me to

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say from the depth of my heart, ‘Thy will be done.’ Sweet peace came to my soul. Let it be Northfield or heaven, it made no difference now.” He was delivered from all his fears, and fell asleep almost immediately.

While a great spiritual blessing and uplift came to him in 1861, it is clear that other and perhaps greater blessings, especially that in 1871, had to follow for the carrying on of the work of God in his soul, and that even as late as 1892 there was still something to be done. We believe this to be God’s usual way, revealing the need gradually as the soul is best fitted to bear it, and to take advantage of the opportunities brought in sight. Most people do not seize these opportunities nor keep their hearts open to these calls. But Mr. Moody was so deeply desirous of the best things, that he let slip no chance of spiritual gain. “One thing,” was his motto. Concentration and intensity characterized him; also simplicity and humility. He was willing to learn from every one.

Nothing is more marked about him than his devotion to God’s Word, and his

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very high estimate of the importance of prayer. He rose at daybreak, at five o'clock or at six, according to the season, to get an hour of quiet, solitary communion with God, while his mind was fresh, as an indispensable preparation for the day's work. He devoted it mainly to the Scriptures. Prayer also held a great place with him. He was much in supplication, and records many answers. But he did not as a rule spend much time in secret prayer. Protracted seasons of agonizing petition did not seem called for in his case. The very atmosphere in which he lived was one of constant communion with God. It was perfectly easy for him to stop wherever he was and talk with his Father as naturally as with a friend. He often did it as he was driving in the country.

He was at times homesick for heaven, even when a young man entering into Rutherford's burning words. As years increased the longing was greatly intensified. His departure (December 22, 1899) was very triumphant. "Earth recedes, heaven opens before me. It is beautiful. I have been beyond the gates of death, and to the very portals of heaven. If this is death,

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it is sweet. There is no valley here. God is calling me, and I must go." These were some of his latest words. The tombstone on Round Top, at Northfield, where his body lies, has simply this inscription, so strongly significant, "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

George Mueller

IN marked contrast with nearly all others who have reached high eminence in religious things, Mueller's youth was sinful in the extreme. Until he was twenty he wasted his years in profligacy and wickedness of many kinds, being a liar, a thief, a swindler, a drunkard, a companion of convicted felons, himself in a felon's cell, a hardened transgressor. He had no proper parental training, but he had a good education, being a university student at Halle, in preparation for the ministry, though utterly godless and fearfully ignorant of divine things.

The turning-point in his career came one Saturday evening in November, 1825. Up to that time he had never heard one gospel sermon, nor did he have a copy of the Bible in his possession. He went with a friend to an evening meeting in a private house, and for the first time saw somebody on his knees praying. Most mysteriously

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this was for him the parting of the ways. He began to search the Scriptures, and a new peace came into his heart. And in this uneventful way there began a career of which prayer for direct guidance in every crisis, great or small, was to be the main characteristic—believing prayer and faithful Scripture searching.

As to the Bible, although up to this time he had never heard one chapter of it, he soon learned the lesson of its primary importance. In a few years he acquired a genuine relish for the Word, and gave himself increasingly, as long as he lived, to its study. During the last twenty years of his life he read it carefully through four or five times annually, with a growing sense of his own rapid advancement in the knowledge of God thereby. He read the Bible from end to end in all nearly two hundred times. In his ninety-second year he said to a friend that for every page of any other reading he had read ten of the Bible. No secret lies nearer to the root of Mueller's success than this devout meditation and continual reflection upon the Scripture. He did not make the fatal mistake so common with most Christians—

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he did not forget that the highest preparation for our work is the preparation of our souls, and that for this we must take time to be alone with His Word and His Spirit, that we may truly meet Him and understand His will.

Closely connected with this was his power in prayer. He heard God say to him, as to Elijah, first, "Go hide thyself;" then, "Go show thyself." He was never too busy to pray. He used to say to brethren who had "too much to do" to spend proper time with God, that four hours of work for which one of prayer prepares is better than five hours of work with the praying left out. His life can in no way be understood except on the basis of his daily and frequent communion with God. He was unwearied in supplications and intercessions; and in every crisis the prayer of faith was his one resort. He first satisfied himself that he was in the way of duty; then he fixed his mind upon the unchanging word of promise; then, in the boldness of a suppliant who comes to the throne of grace in the name of Jesus Christ and pleads the assurance of the Immutable Promiser, he presented every

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petition. No delay discouraged him. In fifty thousand cases Mr. Mueller calculated that he could trace distinct answers to definite prayers; and in multitudes of instances in which God's care was not definitely traced, it was day by day like an encompassing but invisible presence or atmosphere of life and strength.

To one who asked him the secret of his service, he said: "There was a day when I died, utterly died"—and as he spoke he bent lower and lower until he almost touched the floor — "died to George Mueller, his opinions, preferences, tastes, and will; died to the world, its approval or censure; died to the approval or blame even of my brethren and friends; and since then I have studied only to show myself approved unto God." Just when this most significant death took place we find no account, but it is certain that from very nearly the beginning of his religious life he was unreservedly given up to God, according to the measure of his light, and as the light, in response to his eager searching, constantly increased, he went very steadily forward. His loyalty to duty seemed to be ever complete. It was

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enough for him to know that a certain course, however distasteful to the flesh, was pointed out by the Spirit, and there was no hesitation in following it. His eye was single, his purpose simple. He laid up nothing for old age; he spent nothing on himself except what the barest necessities demanded. He exercised the utmost frugality and economy for Christ's sake, keeping himself poor that he might make many rich. In this way, out of money given him strictly for his own private use, he distributed \$407,450; this in addition to the \$7,500,000, which came to him solely in answer to prayer for the various institutions which God carried on through him. He had practically nothing in hand when he died.

When his wife, whom he most tenderly loved, passed away, he showed the same implicit faith in the Father's unfailing wisdom and love that had sustained him under other trying circumstances. Within a few hours after her departure he went to the prayer-meeting to mingle his prayers and praises, as usual, with those of his brethren. He asked them to join with him in hearty thanksgiving to the precious Lord for His

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loving-kindness in having taken his beloved wife out of her pain and suffering into His own presence. He said: "As I rejoice in everything that is for her happiness, so I now rejoice as I realize how far happier she is in beholding her Lord whom she loves so well, than in any joy she has known, or could know, here." He conducted the funeral service, both at the chapel and at the cemetery, preaching the sermon from the text, "Thou art good, and doest good." It was the supernatural serenity of his peace in the presence of such a bereavement that led his attending physician to say to a friend: "I have never before seen so unhuman a man." He lived in such habitual communion with the unseen world and walked in such uninterrupted fellowship with the unseen God that the exchange of worlds became too real for him to mourn for those who had made it or to murmur at all at the hand of Infinite Love.

He summed up his long history of blessing in these two statements: First, that the Lord was pleased to give him far beyond all he at first expected to accomplish or receive; secondly, that he was fully

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persuaded that all he had seen and known would not equal the thousandth part of what he should see and know when the Lord should come. He felt that the faith of God's children needs strengthening, and that it was his special business in life to glorify God as One who helps those who trust in Him, to exemplify how much may be accomplished by prayer, and to show that there is a present prayer-hearing God whom it is perfectly safe to trust, and with whom we may daily walk. He cultivated faith. He used to say to his helpers: "Never let enter your minds a shadow of doubt as to the love of the Father's heart or the power of the Father's arm." Loyal trust in God raised him above circumstances and appearances. It gave steadfastness to his whole character, and brought his daily walk very near to the gates of heaven. His biographer says: "Loyalty to truth, the obedience of faith, the sacrifice of love—these form the threefold key which unlocks to us all the closed chambers of his life." He dealt directly with God in all; he recognized but one agent, men being only instrumentalities. He knew no

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disappointment or despondency, for he leaned always upon the living God, who never fails. His one business being to please the Lord, he found all his circumstances becoming his servants.

He was born in Prussia, September 27, 1805; he fell asleep in Jesus at Bristol, England, March 10, 1898, in his ninety-third year. A few months before he said: "I have been able every day and all the day to work, and that with ease, as seventy years since." He felt no weakness or weariness in his work until the very last night of his earthly sojourn. He himself attributed his vigor largely to the love he felt for the Scriptures and the constantly recuperative power they exercised upon his whole being, and to that happiness he felt in God and his work which relieved him of all anxiety and needless wear and tear in his labors. He passed away very quietly in the night from heart failure. He belonged to the whole Church and the whole world, and the whole race of man sustained a great loss when he left them. As Wesley's life spanned the eighteenth century, Mueller's spanned the nineteenth.

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The two men, while very unlike in many of their opinions, were marvelously similar in their spirit and labors. Both of them exhort us as with trumpet tongue to be in earnest, to walk by faith, and to live for eternity.

Catherine Booth

MRS. BOOTH, mother of the Salvation Army, wife of William Booth, co-founder with him of this great evangelistic enterprise, must be accounted one of the very foremost Christian workers of the nineteenth century. Her zeal kept ever at the boiling point; her judgment was rarely at fault; her earnest longings to be just like the Master were constant; her sympathy with the suffering, struggling masses of humanity was intense. In both writing and speaking she greatly excelled, as well as in planning and laboring. Her pulpit power was phenomenal. The most spacious halls in Great Britain were crowded to repletion with eager thousands whenever she was announced. Few have been as useful. Few have been loved as much. It is well, then, to inquire into the religious experience of this truly wonderful woman. She was pre-eminently a woman of action, never getting time to keep a diary, more intent on making history than recording

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it, perpetually overwhelmed with cares and toils beyond her strength, mother of eight children, as well as of the Army, writing few letters that have been preserved, and in them scarcely ever speaking of herself. So the materials for tracing her growth in grace are rather scanty.

Born of wise and pious parents, January 17, 1829 (dying October 4, 1890), her father an earnest preacher, her mother a most careful, conscientious woman, she had a magnificent start. It is stated that she had read the Bible through eight times before she was twelve years old. But in spite of an unsullied, closely guarded, beautifully developed childhood, when she reached the age of sixteen she sought to be converted. That is, although conscious of having given herself up fully to God from her earliest years, and often realizing deep enjoyment in prayer, as well as keen satisfaction with the means of grace, she had a feeling that she had not passed through the regular steps essential to constitute her a child of God. She had not definitely repented, claimed the promises, and received the witness of the Spirit. She was afraid of being deceived, or of lacking

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something necessary to the full favor divine. She went through much agony on the subject—agony which to us seems needless, but to her, no doubt, was very real—until the full assurance of salvation was given her, and her sorrow was turned into abundance of joy. She then joined the Wesleyan Church and went on very happily, reading the Bible through twice in sixteen months, reading also Carvooso's Life and other such books, entering into fresh covenants with the Lord, and seeking after perfect holiness of heart.

But it was not till 1861, when she was thirty-two years old, that her ardent soul, ever on the stretch for fuller conformity to the Divine will, began to struggle definitely for the specific attainment of something more. Her mind seemed to work much the same in this as in the previous experience. She wanted to go through the regular steps and feel that nothing which promised any sort of profit had been omitted or left uncertain. So she had a fierce conflict for deeper consecration, a conflict indescribable, "far worse than death," she calls it, that she might be certain everything was on the altar and Christ

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was all. Bound for a while by the bars of unbelief, she was able, after a little, to burst them as fuller light came and she emerged into freedom and victory. Various Scriptures were blessed to her. Finally responding to the declaration, "Now are ye clean through the word which I have spoken unto you," her faith took hold with more and more firmness, and she says, "From that moment I have dared to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ my Lord." Not much rapturous joy came, but perfect peace was given, and she entered into a rest which remained. Writing of it a little later, she says: "When I made the surrender I did it whole-heartedly, and ever since I have been like another being." Another letter, written in 1863, gives further indication of what took place during four long years: "Whenever I used to try to appropriate the promises and get nearer to God, it was always suggested to my mind, 'But you are not willing to give your husband up to be an evangelist.' Before I could get right I had to settle that controversy by saying, 'Lord, if it

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kills me, I will do it.' And as soon as I had done this I entered into rest. I see more than ever that the religion that is pleasing to God consists in doing and enduring His will, rather than in good sentiments and feelings."

How was it in after years? Did the blessing abide? In the main it did. She was a lifelong martyr to many illnesses of a very painful character. Nothing but the most heroic, indomitable determination, an iron will triumphing over the body, carried her through the public and private engagements which were of so much consequence to the world. The state of her nerves led to rather frequent seasons of depression, against which she fought valiantly. The trials connected with the ever-expanding enormous work were intense and immense. She writes: "We are compassed with difficulties on every side. Still there is so much for which to praise God that I ought never to look at these troubles. I feel about them just as I do about my health when I pray about it. I meet with 'Ye know not what ye ask.' I have such a sense of the wisdom and bene-

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ulence of God underlying every other feeling that I dare not go beyond ‘Nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done.’ ”

She suffered greatly from her keen sympathy with the sinning and sorrowing. She had an agony for souls that wore her out. More than once she writes: “The obtuseness, the indifference of professed Christians is the greatest trial of my life. We have to do the best we can with the material we have, as the poor Lord has to do with us all.”

She made no claim to be leading a perfect life. Who can when there is entire honesty? She writes at various times: “O, I continually come short. I want Madame Guyon’s faith and self-renunciation. Pray for me. I do so deeply deplore my own failure, compared with what my life might have been, that I feel as though I could die to save any of you children from making a mistake. I see as I never saw before that all God wants of us, in order to fill us with the Spirit and make us flames of fire, is that we should be honest and whole-hearted with Himself, and I want you to begin life by being so. I wish I had always trusted and never been afraid.

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If we could see the why and the wherefore there would be no room for faith, for then we should walk by sight. It is a great lesson, but it is the lesson of the Divine life. O may the Lord help you to master it better than your mother has done. O for a faith that quails not before any of the whys of feeling, of reason, or of the devil; but that goes calmly on through the darkest Calvaries unmoved. Pray for me sometimes."

She faced death unflinchingly, although amid severe pain, for more than two years. To a deputation of the Army which visited her, as she drew near to the end, she said: "I thank God that notwithstanding all the defects and imperfections, I see in my life and work as I look back upon them from this bed, I can say that by His grace I have ever kept the interests of His Kingdom first, and have never withheld anything He required of me in order to help forward the salvation of the world." She also said from her dying bed: "One of the hardest lessons that I have had to learn in my career, and one that I think I have been learning more effectually the last few years, is to discern between faith

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and realization. They are entirely distinct the one from the other, and if I have had to conquer all my life by naked faith, bringing afterwards perhaps very blessed realizations, I can only expect that it shall be the same now. Tell the officers that the only consolation for a Salvationist on his dying bed is to feel that he has been a soul-winner. And tell them further that after all my labors I feel I come far short of the prize of my high calling. Beseech them to redeem their time, for we can do but little at our best. Thank God, I have been a denouncer of iniquity. That is what is wanted in this world to-day—denouncers of iniquity."

She was a mighty warrior for the truth, and a marvelous winner of souls. She hated shams, make-believes, and hypocrisies. Love controlled her wholly. She greatly resembled Jesus. Self was put last or lost to view; the Kingdom of God was ever first. She was a succorer of many, an inspiration to great multitudes. Among the chosen few who follow the Lord fully and devote all their powers to saving their fellows, she will ever take high rank.

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